necessities of the times that the church should provide for.

The chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew located here will not grow and do the good for which it is intended until it has a habitation as well as a name ; the same can be said of the King's Daughters, and the various guilds and societies doing good in the parish would increase their usefulness if they had meeting rooms. It is therefore to be hoped that a new parish guild will be formed having in view the erection of an additional building. There is no doubt that with an enthusiastic membership, such a guild will accomplish that greatly to be desired object in a very short time.

The Ladies' Aid Society, always progressive in looking after the comfort and convenience of the clergy, had the vestry room papered and painted, a new carpet, a new lounge, dressing case and wardrobe and permanent washstand placed therein, whilst the vestry had framed and placed upon the walls engraved portraits of the five Rectors of the parish.

During the month of December the Rectory was connected with the new sewer on Decatur street, all house and surface drainage being cared for, the cost was $363.49.

The row of beautiful trees which had been planted in the spring of 1895 around two sides of the Rectory inside of the new building line, and which started to grow with great promise, fell a victim to the long continued drouth of the summer and early fall, nearly every tree in the row perishing. A renewal of the plant will be made in the spring of 1896, with the hope that all will grow to furnish refreshing shade to us and to many generations yet to come.

The events of the year 1895 are recorded in the tablets of the past, and stand as "a shadow of good things to come." Those good things will materialize in the year 1896, and bring peace and advancement in religious thought and expression to this community, if we determine to abide by the promptings of our conscience, follow where Christ leads, improve our minds, subdue our passions, regulate our habits, and with humble faith and sober judgment love the Lord our God with all our hearts, souls and minds, and our neighbors as ourselves.

EMMANUEL CHURCH

HOLMESBURG.

YEAR BOOK

FOR

1895.

BY

WILLIAM BENDER WILSON.

Read in the Parish House,

February 7, 1896.

was those radiant messengers from Heaven bearing in their hearts the joy of a universe and on their lips the glorious tidings of humanity's resurrection.

"As the holy women still faithful to his memory recalled his previous words, the dark prophecies of his death and crucifixion emphasized by the recent events through which they passed, obscured for the time the brighter import of His other predictions. They did not recall his other assurance that he should rise again. They did not know Him as the Lord of Life, at whose voluntary death Immortality fell asleep upon the bosom of mortality. They only clung to Him as the noblest, the purest, the tenderest of the race that they had ever known. Yet, before they came to the spot hallowed by His sacred remains, an unforeseen obstacle is presented to their minds. 'Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?' and give them access to their Lord. The striking scene that is presented to us when they reach the holy tomb is a worthy subject for the inspired pencil of the artist. The stone had been rolled away. The grave of the Arimathean had yielded up its precious charge. Two men in shining garments flooded the place with a celestial light. God's power had opened for man the way of approach to Himself, and out of that tomb had brought 'life and immortality to light.'

"It is not a forced or unfair comparison when we liken the world before the truth of the resurrection was proclaimed to it, to that band of women seeking their Lord. Like that sepulchre, too, to the minds of the men of old, the world seemed only a place where every bright vision and every noble aspiration of the human heart was destined to be entombed. The emblems of death and disappointment were painfully branded everywhere upon human life. Death had written its name upon every feature of their marvelous civilization. It was breathed in the hopeless tone of their sublimest literature ; it was symbolized in the inimitable creations of their art ; it was manifested in the decadence of their unparalelled political power ; it was proclaimed in their idolatrous worship, in the deification of departed heroes, in the personification of the best qualities of manhood, and in the wild and inordinate craze for new religions. Their very feats and songs and revelry echo with a repressed wretchedness and despair which seek in the harsh and discordant cadences of forced mirth to drown their plaintive sighs. Yet still, never satisfied, never contented with inferior

consolations led by the consciousness of their great needs, they came nearer and nearer to the dazzling glories of the resurrection, ever asking in the spirit of the holy words, 'Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?' To many of us to-day, notwithstanding that the 'Sun of Righteousness' has penetrated the rayless darkness of the world, there still rests a shadow upon the heart, to some life is still a mystery. They see it as impersonated by the sphinx in the old fable, who sat by the wayside, propounding unanswerable riddles to the passers-by. Animated, moved, interested, thrilled by it, man is borne along as on the current of a mighty stream, until carried beyond the reach of human witnesses, we pass silently, never to be seen again, into the mysterious ocean of unanswering oblivion. To others, it is a grievous and oppressive bondage, a continual and ever-shifting scene of fears, anxieties, follies, vices and disappointed expectations, in which a fatality, ferocity and sternness play the principal parts.

"To others still, the lonely, shadowed passage to eternity through physical death is regarded as a step fraught with speechless and mysterious horror, as a resistless force which releases no man from participation in the dolorous 'nunc dimittis' of all nature. To others, and the class is world inclusive, the world is still a place of weeping, of lamentation, and of suffering for sin. Myriads at this very time, ignorant that humanity has gone forth into a new life, and blind to the presence of the Almighty Power that has come down to release it, are asking themselves that question, 'Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?' To all such, to all mankind the message of Christ's resurrection comes to-day with renewed hope and the assurance of a new life. The night of sin, wrapping human nature in its gloomy heaviness, is dispelled by the promised glories of a new humanity, patterned after the celestial image of the Son of God. The rapture that flooded the soul of Mary Magdalene is the rapture that breathes into the souls of millions to-day the comforting assurances that with Christ they have risen into a new, a spiritual, a regenerative life. We may tread the way, stand by the grave of friends without repining, we may follow the uncommunicative dead with a sweet and precious assurance, knowing that lighted by the hallowed taper of the love of Christ, we shall emerge tremblingly, yet triumphantly from the darkness of the tomb into the broad blaze of Heaven's eternal splendor."

At Easter-tide, Miss M. Louise Stokes presented the church with the beautiful gas lamp hanging over the pulpit, and the Ladies' Aid Society presented the one hanging over the lectern. These beautiful artistic lamps, so pleasing to the eye, add greatly to the comfort of the Rector and congregation.

The Convocation of Germantown was held in the church on Tuesday, April 16, 1895. Holy Communion was celebrated at 11:00 o'clock in the morning, the Rev. D. Caldwell Millet, D. D., being the celebrant. The Rev. J. N. Blanchard, Rector of St. James', Philadelphia, preached the convocation sermon. The business meeting was held in the parish building at half past two o'clock, and was of an exceedingly interesting nature, a large number of the congregation and their friends being present, in addition to the clerical and lay deputies. It was deeply regretted that the Dean, Rev. James DeWolf Perry, D. D., Rector of Calvary Parish, Germantown, was not able to be present by reason of illness. His place was very ably filled by the Rev. Samuel Upjohn, D. D., of St. Luke's, Germantown.

The missionary meeting was held in the church at 7:30 P. M., and was very largely attended, the seating capacity of the church being insufficient to accomodate all who came. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. T. Carpenter, Convocation Missionary, Rev. A. A. Marple, of Norristown and Rev. W. Bryce Morrow, of St. James' the Greater, of Bristol, Pa.

The ladies of the congregation did themselves great credit as usual by the two splendid meals they prepared for the convocation, one served at noon and the other in the evening.

The day was beautiful, and the spirit of missions seemed to pervade the atmosphere.

During the year the various bequests to this church under the operation of the will of Mrs. Frances B. Bourns became operative. The history of these benefactions, recording, as it does, the devotion of two faithful followers of Christ is entitled to preservation. Miss Catherine Mary Moore, after expending largely of her estate to advance the temporal prosperity of this church, bequeathed in her will, which was proved February 3, 1864, her property at the corner of what is now Frankford avenue and Welsh road to the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestrymen of Emmanuel Church, Holmesburg, four shares of the capital stock of the "Pennsylvania

absolutely and

Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities," six shares of the same stock to Mrs. Bourns in trust for missionary and charitable objects, and to will at death the principal as she pleased, and four shares in trust to apply the income to the purchase and distribution of fuel among the poor of Holmesburg, and within a mile thereof, with power to name in her will her successor as trustee, The hospital of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia was made one of the two equal residuary legatees of her estate, with the desire expressed that Emmanuel church should have the nomination of two beds in that hospital.

Mrs. Bourns faithfully executed the trusts reposed in her by her lamented friend, and at her own death turned to this church to find her successor as almoner, whilst making it the beneficiary of the bounties she had at her disposal. Under her will, which was proved August 21, 1893, she left to the "Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities," eight (8) shares of its capital stock to be held in trust, and to pay the income therefrom from time to time to the Accounting Warden of Emmanuel Church, Holmesburg, to be expended, three-fourths thereof as may be directed by a committee appointed by the Rector of said church in accordance with the will of the late Catherine M. Moore, in "the purchase and distribution of fuel among the poor in Holmesburg and within one mile thereof," and the remaining one-fourth part thereof as may be directed by a committee to be appointed by the Rector of said church in the purchase of books for the parish library of said church. She also left four shares of the same stock to this corporation to purchase a new organ for, and two shares to erect a stained glass window in, the church. It was stipulated that the latter was to cost about five hundred (500) dollars, and the balance of the value of the stock was to be applied to the organ fund.

Under the provisions of the will, the Rector appointed H. B. Weed, Mrs. William Pattison, and Miss Nellie Millett almoners of the Moore-Bourns fuel funds, and Messrs. George S. Clark, William B. Wilson, William Pattison, N. W. Ashmead, Joseph B. Gerker, Daisley Fairman and S. S. Penistan the committee to direct the purchase of books for the parish library.

As by the splendid efforts of the ladies of the congregation a new organ had been placed in the church but a short time before, it was deemed best by the vestry not to disturb that instrument at present,

but to apply to the court having jurisdiction for permission to allow the organ bequest to remain in its present invested form and to use the income from it for organ repairs and musical expenses of the church. That request was granted and the fund is so invested and its income so expended. It has swollen by the addition of one share of the same stock, which was left over after the stained glass window had been paid for.

At all times, among all people and in all places, it has been a constant custom to perpetuate the memory of the dead by some form of memorial, those who either attained a great name among men, or who were dearly beloved while in life. Acting in this spirit the vestry directed that the stained glass window should replace the old one in the chancel, and be made a memorial to Rev. William H. and Frances B. Bourns, and appointed the Rector and Messrs. Hartel, Weed, William B. Wilson, Allen and Jerman a committee to select, contract for and superintend the construction of the same. After several meetings, the committee entered into a contract with the Tiffany Stained Glass and Decorating Company, of New York to place a window of selected design in the frame for the sum of five hundred (500) dollars. The window was put in place on the sixteenth day of November, 1895, and on the following day the Rector held a dedication service. It consists of three lancets, in the centre one of which is portrayed the figure of Christ the Preacher, the Light that came to enlighten the world. The figure is exceedingly reverential, and charmingly rendered in glass. The remaining lancets are filled with ornamental work, and the whole window is happy in its coloring and harmony. The color is deep, but at the same time rich and luminous. The window is made almost entirely of "Tiffany favrile glass"—a material the outcome of excellence in the most thorough methods of work, and only arrived at after a series of careful experiments. It weighs over 200 pounds, and contains 1,964 distinct pieces of "fevrile" glass. The artist in making the window has obtained some very realistic effects in every imaginable tone and shade of color, together with great variety of texture, and has been able to do away with paints, stains and enamels, except in the face and hands.

Speaking of the Bourns memorial brings vividly to my memory the difficulties I encountered in obtaining any reliable data, either abroad or at home, in Great Britain or the United States, in this, his

first, or in Huntingdon, his second and last parish, relative to Mr. Bourns' personal history. It seemed strange that a man of his evident learning and his acceptableness as Rector of two parishes in the great diocese of Pennsylvania should have died, leaving so little of a written record behind him. The explanation came, however, when in pursuit of his record, I visited his place of burial. After a night's ride of over two hundred miles I reached Huntingdon in the early morning of a beautiful August day. In the city the day preceding, a dense humidity and a high temperature prevailed, producing a listless effect upon humanity and made living almost burdensome. You all know the condition—a burning sun—dusty roads—parched appearance of everything the eye rests upon—the skin clammy—the mind ill at ease and the insects virulent and voracious—knowing that you all will appreciate the change I encountered upon disembarking from the train. As I did so the experience was most delightful. A genial sun, clear sky and a cool and invigorating air fanned by a softened breeze, reminding one of an early winter morning in the South Atlantic, greeted me and made the steep ascent of the hillside road, leading to the cemetery, one of pleasure. Every footstep was accompanied by some new and attractive scene. Nature, lavish of the surprises she loves to take from her inexhaustible storehouses, and with charming coquetry bestows upon her lovers, was prodigal, and at each advance placed almost panoramically before me for admiration some new scene of beauty. Here a bit of color, there an exquisite piece of water and over yonder a shadow, a precipitous cliff—lofty trees and quiet valleys so placed that harmony of effect was produced in whichever direction the eye rested and contributed to the formation of incomparable pictures. Foothill rose above foothill, and clad in the varied shades of green formed the advance guard of the mountains which on the eastern slope constitute the declining spur of the Alleghanies. Just east of the summit of Cemetery Hill, Stone Creek Mountain rose to a height of dignity from its base, which abruptly sprang out of the sparkling waters of the creek, which were hurrying to join the Juniata's flow in its serene journey to the ocean. There, to the north-west and south-west loomed up Tussey's Mountains, grand in their ever-changing shadows. Again, in the north-west was the Warrior ridge, which lost itself in the deep blue of the mountains beyond. The Juniata river here and there making wide gaps in the hills and irrigating fertile fields rich in their

productiveness gracefully wended its way in a willowy course through the valleys. Below, in a deep basin, reposed Huntingdon. Its spires, gilded by the morning sun, spoke of a quiet confidence and pointed to a silent peacefulness of surrounding. At irregular distances, dark smoke from some factory stacks, blending as it rose with the blue of the zenith, seemed like sweet vapors of burning incense ascending heavenward in recognition of the prosperity of the people of the neighborhood. As I stood at the cemetery gate, in the midst of the solemnity and beauty of Nature, and looked upon the mountains, I felt that these are not the mountains of men for their habitations and uses, but the mountains of God for the revelation of his majesty, love and power. 'Twas there, among such environment, on the sloping hillside, clustered in a bed of ivy, I found the marble tablets which revealed to me the last earthly resting place of our first Rector and his two little boys, William and Charles, and which brought my search to an end by indicating where his record could be obtained. A plain marble slab marks the spot where he lies—brushing the ivy to one side, I read the inscription on the stone which was as follows:—

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.
Rev. William H. Bourns
Late Rector of St. John's Church,
in this place,
Died
December 15, 1851
In the 41st year of his age.
His record is on high."

Later on in the year, on a quiet Sabbath afternoon in mid-Advent, I entered All Saints, Lower Dublin, church-yard—another city of the dead, over 200 miles nearer to the rising sun than the one just spoken of. Beyond the busy marts of men and society's dizzy whirl, the quietness was oppressive. Nothing seemed to animate nature, except now and then the thunder of the trolley car as it swept by on the wings of the lightning. The day was bleak and cheerless, and gloom dropped everywhere from the deepened gray of the sky, causing even the pallor of the tombstones to increase. The summer's blanket of green had been folded up, and the stubble of the golden corn in the dark earth of the fields around, emphasized death's surroundings. Yonder, hidden from sight by a piece of woods, the

shivering remnant of a once noble forest, was the Delaware river, upon whose clear bosom the December chill was forming an icy scum. As I moved among the graves, I came to that of Mrs. Bourns in the midst of a long line of kinfolk, with her two little daughters, Matilda and Frances, one on each side, resting by her. Right in front rose a beautiful cedar, whose green boughs were in strong contrast to the many leafless trees standing around in the full grandeur and grace of their denuded limbs. As I stood there my mind feeling the influence of the pathos that the two cemeteries and their occupants suggested, and thought how strange it all seemed, my eyes fell upon the tombstone of little Frances, and I read, "It is well." It seemed to me like an addition to the inscription on her father's tomb, or the connecting link that bound together the separated graves of father and sons, mother and daughters—"His record is on high. It is well."

When we review the history of this church and recall the sacrifices and struggles made by the first Rector to build it up and the long years of devoted service given to it by his wife and widow, whose loving thought for its material prosperity survived the grave, it is a satisfaction to know that in the beautiful chancel window and at the feet of our Saviour, this congregation has tenderly united their names in a loving memorial, whilst in the books of the parish there is preserved the records of their many virtues.

The Parish Library promises to become a feature in the parish. It already numbers 597 volumes. In addition to the new works purchased by the Frances B. Bourns Fund, Miss Wucherer presented, through Miss Eliza J. Brown, 272 volumes, and two bookcases in which to keep them. It is designed to make this a church library through which the laity may become more familiar with the scope and breadth of the Christian doctrine as taught by our church.

The rapid growth of the library and the experiences of the past year when on several occasions the parish building was not sufficiently large to comfortably accommodate all who came in attendance on the various events which took place therein, demonstrates that in the near future an additional building for parish purposes must be erected. In a growing centre like the one in which we reside and wherein numbers of young people need employment for what are otherwise idle hours, a library and reading room under the care of the church is one of the